THE

POLYANTHOS.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

MEMOIRS
OF
MAJOR-GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.

IF it be generally thought useful and entertaining to exhibit characters of eminence and worth, those pieces of biography must be peculiarly interesting which bring to our view persons who were alive in the cause of American freedom; and who by their talents and exertions made us an independent nation.

GEN. WARREN claims our attention as the first of that band of heroes who fell in the high places of the field. He was certainly the first of any peculiar distinction; and he was a man whose sagacity and patriotism where equal to his valour. This gentleman was born in Roxbury, of respectable parents, in the year 1740; and in that place receiv-

ed the first rudiments of his education. He entered Harvard College when he was but fifteen years old, and received the honours of that seminary in 1759 and 1762. Having turned his attention to Medical Studies, he was soon qualified for practice, and in the year 1764, when the small pox spread through Boston, and vast numbers were inoculated, he was among the physicians, who were most eminent in the profession. Had he confined his views to professional business he might have enjoyed the affluence of wealth, with a high reputation. He certainly was happy in the affection of a numerous part of this town, who had the most lively opinion of his humanity and skill. His fine address,as well as his taste for philosophy and the belles lettres, gained him the esteem and regard of the polite and learned, while his frank, open disposition, and obliging attention to persons under various circumstances of human distress, caused him to be greatly beloved by those who tread the humble walks of life. But his mind was too ardent and active to be confined to the duties of a profession, and he was a stranger to the passion of avarice. He soon had an opportunity to show his talents as a fine writer, and also his eloquence and patriotick zeal. These were manifested upon many occasions from the year the *Stamp Act* was passed, to the time of the war which separated the colonies from the parent country. He was

in the class of *bold politicians*, as they were then distinguished from the *moderate Whigs*. While some made a distinction between internal and external taxes ; while many were for sending petition after petition to the foot of the throne ; while the generality of the people dreaded a war on account of our want of resources, and the omnipotence of the British nation ; he felt superiour to these fears and despised the suppliant tone of of children to mother Britain ; he was uniform in his opinion that every kind of taxation was complete tyranny ; and it was a common expression with him, that we could fight our own battles, if Great-Britain sent her armies over the Atlantick. He was persuaded that they never would send large armies, in which he would have found himself mistaken had he lived a few years longer ; but allowing they made ever so great exertions to conquer America, they could only, in his opinion destroy the seaports ; they would not be able to penetrate into the country ; and he said that we ought to make any sacrifices rather than to submit to arbitrary and oppressive measures ; and be so mean and pusillanimous as to tremble at the *rods* which would continually be shaken over our heads.

From the year 1768, a number of politicians met at each other's houses to discuss publick affairs, and to settle upon the best methods of serving the town and country.

Many of these filled publick offices. But the meetings were private, and had a silent influence upon the publick body. In 1772 they agreed to increase their number, to meet in a large room, and invite a number of substantial mechanicks to join them, and hold a kind of *Caucus, pro bono publico.* They met in a house near the North battery, and more than 60 were present at the first meeting. Their regulations were drawn up by Dr. Warren and another gentleman, and they never did any thing important without consulting him and his particular friends. It answered a good purpose to get such a number of mechanicks together ; and though a number of whigs of the first character in the town were present, they always had a mechanick for moderator, generally one who could carry many votes by his influence. It was a matter of policy likewise to assemble at that part of the town. It had the effect to awake the *North wind,* and stir the *waters* of the *troubled sea.* By this body of men the the most important matters were decided—they agreed who should be in town offices, in the General Court, in the Provincial Congress, from Boston. Here the committees of publick service were formed, the plan for military companies, and all necessary means of defence. They met about two years steadily at one place. After the destruction of the tea, the place of assembling was known, and they met at the Green Dragon in the

spring of 1775—with as many more from the south End—and the *Records* of their proceedings. The writer of these memoirs has been assured by some of the most prominent characters of this *Caucus*, that they were indebted to the prudence and skilful management of Dr. Warren, who with all his zeal and irritability was a man calculated to carry on any secret business; and that no man ever did manifest more vigilance, circumspection and care. In every country there are politicians, who are the mere cymbals of the mob, and answer some good purpose, when they are *not left to themselves*. In this country through all stages of the revolution, we had many such, who to their own imagination appeared to direct the affairs of the publick—Such men were never admitted to be members of the *Caucus* here mentioned—many of them never knew the secret springs that moved the great wheels, but thought themselves very important characters because they were sons of liberty; and excelled others in garrulity, or made a louder cry upon the wharves, or at corners of streets.

Dr. Warren was twice chosen the publick orator of the town, and his orations were among the best compositions, as any one will see who reads the volume containing all the orations spoken on the 5th of March.

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soul beat to arms as soon as he learnt the intention of the British troops. It is said in the Memoirs of Gen Heath, that a ball grazed his hair and took off part of his *ear lock*.

He was ready upon every alarm from this time, till he was slain. Nothing could be in a more confused state than the army which first hastily assembled at Cambridge. This undisciplined body of men were kept together by a few who deserved well of their country. Among them Gens. Ward and Putnam were distinguished—the one for his firm, prudent conduct, and the other for his romantick courage. Dr. W. was perhaps the man who had the most influence, and in whom the people in the environs of Boston and Cambridge placed their greatest confidence. He did wonders in preserving order among the troops. And four days before the battle of Bunker's Hill was appointed Major-General of the American Army. When the entrenchments were made at Breed's Hill, he, to encourage the men within the lines, went down from Cambridge, and acted only as a volunteer. Col. Prescot commanded the party within the lines, and Col. Starks the men who were without, behind a rail fence, and did such amazing execution by a well directed fire.

Gen. Warren fell in the trenches. A female historian of the war tells us that he chose to die rather than be taken prisoner. We are at a loss to know how this can be

ascertained. We always understood he was killed outright, and had not at his own option any of the cirumstances of his death.

It is true however, that at all times he discovered the greatest fortitude and bravery, and, as he lived an ornament to his country, his death reflected a lustre upon himself and the cause he so warmly espoused. No person's fall was ever more regretted, and yet no one could help feeling the *sentiment* who repeated the line

Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.

Had success attended the Americans, his death would have been sufficient to damp the joys of victory, and the cypress would be blended with the laurel. The loss of such a man, in addition to our defeat, and at a time when the distracted state of our affairs greatly needed his advice, threw a gloom upon the circumstances of the people, and excited the most sincere lamentation and mourning. The elegant, the generous and humane "all mingled the sympathetick tear," and paid their respects to his memory.

In the spring of 1776, when the British troops left Boston, his body was brought from *Breed's Hill*, where it had lain undistinguished from his fellow soldiers, to be entombed in a Boston burial place. The several Lodges of Free Masons preceded, and multitudes of his fellow citizens followed the corpse. An eloquent orator, a brother Ma-

son, pronounced the funeral Eulogy, in the Stone Chapel. The exordium addressed to the "Illustrious Relicks" had a very strong effect upon the auditory.

Gen. Warren had been Grand Master of Free Masons through North America for a number of years, and all the friends *of the Craft* now highly respect his memory.

Having said that in private life Gen. Warren was amiable, we repeat it, that in person, mind, and manners he was equally well accomplished—He gained the love of those who lived with him in habits of intimacy as much as he was admired by the publick voice. With sensibilities uncommonly strong, and a zeal which blazed in the cause of liberty, he was candid, generous, and ready to do kind offices to those who had different sentiments concerning the controversy. There are those now living, whose political views differed widely, who received polite attentions from him, when they were slighted and wounded by many whose friendship was turned into enmity, their minds being less liberal, or more corroded with party spirit.

——Cui pudor, & justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta fides, nudaque verites.
Quendo ullum invenient parem ?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

Boston, Nov. 1806.

OF RICHARDSON's NOVELS.

[*Mrs. Barbauld in her elegant account of the life and writings of Samuel Richardson, the celebrated author of Pamela, Clarissa, &c. makes the following ingenious observations on those two beautiful and interesting novels.*]

"The character of Pamela, so long as her sole object was to resist her master's attempts, is beautifully drawn, with many affecting incidents, and little strokes of nature. It would not be easy to find a prettier picture of low life, in its most respectable garb; and of true English low life. It is such, a people with the delicacy of a virtuous mind, might fall into without any other advantage than a bible education. But the moral of the piece is rather dubious. So long as Pamela is solely occupied, in schemes to escape from her persecutor, her virtuous resistance obtains our unqualified approbation; but the moment she begins to entertain hopes of marrying him, we admire her guarded prudence rather than her purity of mind. Her end in view is an interesting end, and we can only consider her as the conscious possessor of a treasure, which she is wisely resolved not to part with but for its just price. Her staying in his house a moment after she found herself at liberty to leave it, was totally unjustifiable; her repentant lover ought to have fol-

lowed her to her father's cottage, and to have married her from thence."

Of Clarissa she observes—"The character of Lovelace should have had darker shades; and his death bed scene would have been of greater moral effect, if it had been fuller of horrour. The real moral of Clarissa is, that virtue is triumphant in every situation; that in circumstances the most painful and degrading, in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in despair, it is still lovely; and if it is seated on the ground, it can still say with Constance—

Here is my throne; kings, come and bow to it.

"The novelist has produced this effect, has performed his office well, and it is immaterial, what particular maxim is selected under the name of a moral, while such are the reader's feelings. If our feelings are in favour of virtue, the novel is virtuous, if of vice, the moral is vicious.—The character of Lovelace, though laboured with great art, is perhaps after all, rather a fancy piece, than a real portrait of an English libertine.

"But Richardson's highest praise is that Rosseau asserts, that nothing was ever written equal to, or approaching it in any language. Diderot commended, and Dr. Johnson gives it the highest applause.

"The writer of these observations," says Mrs. Barbauld, "well remembers a Frenchman, who paid a visit to Hamstead, for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the

flask walk where Clarissa lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject. The flask-walk was to him as much classick ground as the rocks of Meilleair to the admirers of Rosseau.

"The interval between the publishing the four first and four last vols. of this celebrated novel, was several months, and it is a curious fact, that during that time the author was intreated on all sides to make the conclusion of it happy. Some intreated, others threatened. The veteran Cibber was quite outrageous at the idea of an unhappy termination, and the ladies pleaded, but in vain. To have made a different end the author knew would have spoiled the work."

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

[*Continued from p.* 175.]

The actors who had been mimicked in this little piece felt the satire very severely, and made heavy complaints. Of the justice of these complaints, Foote appears to have had but little feeling: and certainly, if none but their defects were imitated, he could not morally be blamed, for he did but lead the publick to a just decision and taste in criticism.

It may be objected that these performers had merits, and that their merits remained unnoticed, while their failings and absurdities were given with increased effect: But the answer to this is, that they had been accustomed to receive indiscriminate praise; and their very errours obtained the highest degree of applause. Neither were they liable to suffer in pocket; for, whatever might be their mistakes, they were the best actors of their time, therefore not liable to be superceded: or, supposing them to be supplanted by superiour merit, though the individuals would have been to be pitied, the progress of taste must have increased.

Foote replied to them by producing a monologue kind of drama, stating that, instead of suffering them to murder blank verse, and assume characters for which they were unfit, he would endeavour to teach them how they might be more usefully employed.

Quin, from his sonorous voice and mode of speaking, he appointed a watchman.

Delane was supposed to have lost an eye, and was placed as a beggar in St. Paul's Church-yard, exclaiming—"Bestow your charity on a poor blind man!"

To Ryan, remarkable for an uncouth shrill voice, he assigned the office of a razor-grinder.

Mrs. Woffington, though she was elegant of person and had an interesting countenance, sometimes had an unpleasant squeaking tone.

of voice ; and to her he gave the office of an orange-woman to the theatre.

Woodward puzzled, him, he said ; therefore, assuming his voice and manner, in Sir Foplin Flutter, he spoke one of his speeches. " Wherever I go, there goes a gentleman ; upon my life, a gentleman ; and, when you have said a gentleman (dropping Woodward's voice and assuming his own) you have said more than is true."

On Garrick, Foote was very severe, especially for his catching mode of pronouncing dying speeches.

He next produced a piece of a similar kind, which he called *An Auction of Pictures*, and with no less success. It contained several well known characters : Sir Thomas de Veil, the famous justice of peace ; Cock, the auctioneer ; and the no less notorious orator Henly.

The Knights, a more regular piece, was his next production. The characters of a trifling story-teller and a prating imbecile politician, were happily drawn ; and, in its first run, it was most whimsically concluded with a concert of cats, to burlesque some of the absurdities which the Italian opera had introduced. In this, the principal performer was a person then well known by the name of Cat Harris, and of whom and Shuter a curious anecdote is related.

At the last rehearsal, Harris was missing : nobody knew where he lived, and Shuter

was prevailed upon to enquire. Having heard that Harris lived in a certain court in the Minories, but not knowing the house, Shuter whimsically began a cat-solo, and with such effect that his brother musician presently replied, in responsive notes. "Oh! you are there at last, my friend," said Shuter! "come, come; the stage waits; we cannot begin the opera without you."

This, though attractive for a time, could only be temporary; and a different conclusion was afterwards added to the piece.

In 1748, Foote had a considerable fortune left him, by a maternal relation; and, after living for some time at London in splendour and expence, he went abroad. Here he remained without corresponding with any friends, and there were various rumours concerning him: one that he had been killed in a duel; another that he died of a fever from intemperance; and a third, very malignantly and positively asserted, he had been hanged. These tales he disproved by his arrival in London, in 1752. This last fortune being the third that had been left him, he chose the following motto for his carriage: *Iterum, iterum, iterumque.*

His first production in the following year was the comedy of *Taste*, in two acts; in which he severely satirized the ignorant pretenders to virtú: but, as the subject was not sufficiently popular, its success was not very great. It appeared at Drury-lane theatre,

and the prologue was written and spoken, in the character of an auctioneer, by Mr. Garrick.

His next piece was *The Englishman in Paris*, performed at Covent-Garden theatre, March 24, 1753, for the benefit of Macklin, and in the bills of the day was called "An Answer to a French Farce called the Frenchman in London." Macklin personated Buck, and Lucinda was expressly written for Miss Macklin, where she exhibited her accomplishments in musick, singing, and dancing, in all of which she excelled.

The first publick appearance of Foote, after his return from the continent, was in November, 1753, in the character of Buck; and the following prologue, written for him by Garrick, will at once prove diverting and historical:

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

Amongst the matters that occasion prate,
Ev'n I sometimes am matter for debate:
Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.
Sir Peter Primrose, smirking o'er his tea,
Sinks from himself and politicks, to me.
"Paper! boy."—"Here, Sir, I am."—"What news to day?"
"Foote, Sir, is advertised."—"What! run away?"
"No, Sir; he acts this week at Drury-lane."
"How's that? (cries feeble *Grub*): Foote come again?

I thought that fool had done his devil's dance:
Was he not hang'd some months ago in France?"
Up starts *Mac-bone*, and thus the room harangued:
"'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd;
But to be sure, 'twas all a hum; *becase*
I've seen him since; and after that disgrace
No *Jontleman* would dare to show his face."

To him replied a sneering bonny Scot,
"You reason right, my friend; hang'd he was not;
But neither you nor I can tell *how soon* he'll gang to pot."

Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays:
Such is the tax each son of folly pays.
On this my scheme they many names bestow:
"'Tis fame:"—"'Tis pride:"—nay worse, "the pocket's low."
I own I've pride, ambition, vanity;
And, what's more strange than these, perhaps you'll see
(Though not so great a portion of it) *Modesty*.
For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
And kiss the rod whene'er you point the fault.
Many my passions are, though one my view;
They all concentre in the pleasing you.—

Soon after this period, various bickerings happened between Macklin and Foote; in which the wit and humour of Foote turned the laugh against his opponent, who replied, by abuse that was false, coarse, and illiberal: but this altercation, like most others, was dishonourable to both parties. Foote wrote a piece, on the occasion, called

The Inquisition ; and Macklin replied as an orator, in his own coffee-house, in which he was a bankrupt in January, 1755.

The next piece that Foote gave the publick was *The Englishman returned from Paris ;* the plot of which he was accused of having purloined, from Mr. Murphy. The latter gentleman was then rising into notice, and, being very intimate with Foote, informed him of his intention to write a sequel to the Englishman in Paris, and gave a developement of his plan and characters. Foote, it is asserted, secretly determined to make them his own, and on Murphy's materials finished a piece of two acts so rapidly, that it was brought out at Covent-garden theatre early in February, 1756.

That Murphy thought himself injured is certain, since in his own piece of the same title, which came out afterward, some doubts being raised as to the indentity of Sir Charles Buck, he makes Sir Charles reply, " Oh yes, I grant there has been an impostor about town, who with much ease, familiarity and assurance has stolen my writings, and not only thus treacherously robbed me, but impudently dared to assume my very name even to my face. But I am the true Sir Charles Buck, I can assure you."

Of the truth of this accusation, and of the degree of turpitude, if any, which belonged to Foote, it would be difficult now to deter-

mine : nay, perhaps, it would have been difficult for the parties themselves. The charge of plagiarism is generally a very nice one, and of the plagiarism committed from conversation it would be temerity to decide.

In 1757, *The Author*, a piece of two acts, by Foote, appeared at the theatre, Drury-lane. In this piece Mr. Aprice, under the title of Cadwallader, was personated with great humour and effect. At first Mr. Aprice laughed, perhaps unconscious that it was himself, at his own portrait : but the piece had so great a run, and the application of the satire to himself became so general, that he heard the name of Cadwallader whispered in his ear in all publick places. He therefore applied to the duke of Devonshire, then lord chamberlain, and obtained the suppression of the piece.

AFFECTION AND AVERSION.

Affection and aversion, as distinguished from passion on the one hand, and on the other from original disposition, are, in reality, habits respecting particular objects. The pleasure of social intercourse with any person must originally be faint, and frequently reiterated, in order to establish the habit of affection. Affection thus generated, whether it be friendship or love, seldom

swells into any tumultuous or vigorous passion; but is, however the strongest cement that can bind together two individuals of the human species. In like manner, a slight degree of disgust often reiterated with regularity, grows into the habit of aversion, which commonly subsists for life.

Objects of taste that are delicious, far from tending to become habitual, are apt by indulgence, to produce satiety and disgust: no man contracts a habit of sugar, honey, or sweetmeats, as he doth of tobacco.

Dulcia non ferimus; succo renonamur amaro.
Ovid art Amand. b. 3.

Insipido é quel dolce, che condito
Non é di qualch omaro, e tosto satia.
Aminta di Tasso.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Romeo and Juliet, act 2, sc. 6.

The same observation holds with respect to all objects, that being extremely agreeable, raise violent passions: such passions are incompatible with a habit of any sort, and, in particular, they never produce affection or aversion: a man who, at first sight, falls violently in love, has a strong desire of enjoy-

ment but no affection for the woman. A man who is surprized with an unexpected favour, burns for an opportunity to exert his gratitude, without having any affection for his benefactor; neither does desire of vengeance, for an atrocious injury, involve aversion.

Violent love, without affection, is finely exemplified in the following story. When Constantinople was taken by the Turks, Irene, a young Greek of illustrious family, fell into the hands of Mahomet 2d. who was at that time in the prime of youth and glory. His savage heart being subdued by her charms, he shut himself up with her, denying access even to his ministers. Love obtained such an ascendant, as to make him frequently abandon the army and fly to his Irene. War relaxed, for victory was no longer the monarch's favourite passion. The soldiers, accustomed to booty, began to murmur, and the infection spread even among the commanders. The Basha Mustapha, consulting the fidelity he owed his master, was the first who dared acquaint him of the discourses, held publickly, to the prejudice of his glory.

The sultan after a gloomy silence formed his resolution. He ordered Mustapha to assemble his troops next morning, and then with precipitation, retired to Irene's apartment. Never before did that princess appear so charming; never before did the prince bestow so many warm caresses. To

give a new lustre to her beauty, he exhorted her women, next morning, to bestow their utmost care on her dress. He took her by the hand, led her into the middle of the army, and pulling of her veil, demanded of the Bashas, with a fierce look, whether they had ever beheld such a beauty? After an awful pause, Mahomet with one hand laying hold of the young Greek by her beautiful locks, and with the other pulling out his scimitar, severed the head from the body at one stroke. Then turning to his grandees, with eyes wild and furious, "This sword," said he, "when it is my will, knows how to cut the bands of love." [*Mirror.*]

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

[*In reading the following extract from the* "Nice Valour; or the Passionate Madman," *of Beaumont and Fletcher, our readers we think will often smile at the philosophy of* Lapet, *who could take all kinds of blows without resentment, and at the* nice valour *of* Shamont, *who thought his honour greivously wounded by the touch of a switch.*]

ENTER LAPET.

Lapet. I HAVE been ruminating with myself,
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd

Upon the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour;
The world will confess so much.
Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer,
Where honour never comes? I'd fain know that.
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the pow'r
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duellos out o' th' kingdom.
For they that stand upon their honour most,
When they conceive there is no honour lost,
(As, by a table that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbering but twice o'er the letters *Patience*,
From P. A. to C. E.) I doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all blood shed,
If the reformed kick do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observ't, for every little justle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight forsooth;
Yes!—If I kill, I'm hang'd; but if I be kill'd myself,
I die for't also. Is not this trim wisdom?
Now for the con, a man may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after.
I had a father did it; and to my power,
I will not be behind him.

Enter SHAMONT.

Sham. Oh, well met.
Lapet. *(aside)* Now for a pinch or two! I look for't duly.
Sham. I've been to seek you.

Lapet. Let me know your lodging, Sir.
I'll come to you once a day, and use your pleasure, Sir.
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society!
I'll live and die with thee. Come, shew me a chamber!
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me. I've took a blow, sirrah.
Lapet. I would you had, indeed! Why, you may see, sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow.
Lapet. Poh, Sir, that's nothing! I ha 'took forty since.
Sham. What, and I charged thee thou shouldest not?
Lapet. Ay, Sir,
You might have charged your pleasure; but they would giv't me,
Whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace: I've no companion now!
Prithee resolve me, (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame, they do thee; yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mays't deliver,
Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, Sir; but to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, but little exception.

Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you.

Lapet. With all the speed I may. First, then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the *bastinado*, Sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i' th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.

Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.

Lapet. You're the most happy, Sir; would I were past it too.
But being accustom'd to't, it is the better carried.

Sham. Will you forward?

Lapet. Then there's your *souse*, your *wherit*, and your dowst,
Tugs on the hair, your bob o'the lips, a whelp on't,
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,
A thing deriv'd first from your hemp beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully;
There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it,
For't leaves no wind i' th' body.

Sham. On, Sir, on!

Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath with thinking on't.

Sham. This is far off yet,

Lapet. For the *twinge* by the nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head ach, wondrous strangely.

Sham. Is't possible!

Lapet. Ah, your *crush'd nostrils* flakes your opilation,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.

Lapet. Oh, plenitude, Sir.
Now come we lower, to our modern kick,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot plays it.
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lapet. All but the lug by the ear,
Or such a trifle.
Sham. Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear.
I see the worst disgrace, thou never felts't yet.
It is so far from thee thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.
Lapet. I would you would tho', that I might prepare for't!
For I shall ha't at one time or another.
If't be a *thwack*, I'll make account of that:
There's no new fashioned swap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. 1.

Quid prohibet jocose veritatem loqui.

To the Editor of the Polyanthos.

As introduction usually precedes acquaintance, you may reasonably expect some account of me and my scribbling qualifications.

Modesty prevents my telling you how kind dame nature has been to me ; how sedulously, I had almost said succesfully, I have courted improvement. I think however that I shall secure a sufficient degree of respect, when I mention, that I have some of the pure Notional blood in my veins. For you must know that the Notional family is very ancient, very numerous, and pretty respectable. We boast of ancestors, who have supported the first characters on this theatre of action ; men whose names will be celebrated till the sound of fame yields to that voice, which will announce the end of time to the inhabitants of the grave.

You may wonder that you have never seen our family name in the history and biography of the good, the learned and the great. The fact is, there are many Notionals, who have never openly assumed the name. Some few have indeed hinted that they were distantly related to the family ; and others claimed slight acquaintance with us. But in general we have been neglected by our nearest connections. Heaven be praised, the name does not change the nature. An impartial view of the actions and writings of men renowned for their wisdom, piety and patriotism, must convince you that they were truly Notionals.

There are certain traits, which distinguish our family from every other, and which cannot escape observation. You will understand

what these traits are, when I mention that most of the splendid theories, which have graced, or as some pretend to say, disgraced, the pages of "natural philosophy" originated in the fertile brains of the Notional family. Our poets too have usually expressed their exquisitely refined ideas in such excessively delicate language, that common sense pronounces them to be rhapsodists and their effusions nonsensical.

To the visionary schemes of its statesmen is our family principally indebted for immortality. 'Tis true that when the opinion of Experience was asked concerning them, she plainly declared, that there were many obstacles and prejudices, which must be removed before they would be practicable. She observed rather sneeringly that 'though men may be capable of perfection, they certainly are not perfect according to our notions, since being long accustomed to the blessings of civilization, they are not anxious to return to a state of nature. And if ease should ever make them insolent, unruly, and immoderately fond of that liberty which consists in power to trample talents and virtue under foot, I shall endeavour to prove the importance and necessity of government and subordination.'—Their projects are certainly worthy of *admiration*, the opinion of Experience notwithstanding ! !

There has been some difference in our family concerning religion. Many of us maintain

that religion consists in a firm belief of incomprehensible mysteries ; of doctrines most uncomfortable ; doctrines, which make us mere machines in the hands of a capricious, arbitrary tyrant ; doctrines, which teach us that the end of our existence is to merit damnation, and that we must necessarily and involuntarily pursue this end. Yet, strange to tell, though the creed of this part of the family is very long, the list of their good deeds is very short. In fact they employ all their time in making, amending, and defending articles of belief. Such is their attachment to faith, that they entirely neglect hope and *charity*. Hope to them is superfluous, for they are *sure* of salvation, and charity would be a mere sacrifice of this world's good without increasing *their* happiness in another.

There are others however whose faith is rather too charitable, who think that the classing of society into good and bad, virtuous and vicious is most absurd ; who believe all are equally entitled to salvation, all certain of obtaining it. This class includes the dissipated and profligate part of our family, those who really dislike the restraint of religion, yet dare not openly renounce it.

Others again pretend to despise all religion, to worship no deity but chance. These are arrant cowards, who *dare* not look reason in the face ; execrable wretches, who have so long insulted religion by their conduct, that they are obliged to load her with abuse in self justification.

Thus you see the Notional family forms a most heterogeneous mass. Though most of its members are evidently united in a decided contempt of reason, in a rooted aversion to common sense.

After what I have said, you may not consider my connection with the Notionals as a recommendation. But suspend your judgment awhile, you yourself may be more nearly related to them than you imagine or will allow.

Were humanity exempt from the many weaknesses, to which it is now subject, our family would gradually dwindle and perhaps become extinct. But since our natures bear the stamp of imperfection, there always will be Notionals, wherever there are men. We view men and actions with a jaundiced eye. We imbibe prejudices without reason, support opinions, which contradict facts. Some are so foolish that they cannot think, others so wise that they will not. These weaknesses have operated ever since the days of Adam to increase and multiply the Notional family.

As I presume your respect for the Notionals is not excessive, I will entrust you with my strange design. The object of these "lucubrations" is to diminish the number and lessen the influence of my own family. Tho' I am but a mouse I will attempt to do the lion service. L...

Boston, Nov. 16, 1806.

COWPER's HOMER.

For the Polyanthos.

Mr. Editor,

I send you two short extracts from Cowper's Translation of Homer, which may perhaps afford amusement to some of your readers as they have done to me. The first is the celebrated night scene at the conclusion of the *eighth Iliad.* The second is a passage which, if I recollect right, Mr. Pope never attempted, or at least never published in his Translation.

X. Y.

Big with great purposes and proud they sat,
In even ranks and watched their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but æther open'd wide,
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd.

Prayer.

Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant eyed,*
Which though far distant yet with constant pace

*Wrinkled, *because the countenance of a man, driven to prayer by a consciousness of guilt, is sorrowful and dejected.* Lame, *because it is a remedy to which men recur late and with reluctance. And* slant eyed, *either because in that state of humiliation they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past conduct.*

Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
And over all the earth before them runs
Hurtful to man. They following heal the hurt.
Received respectfully when they approach,
They help us and our prayers hear in return.
But if we slight and with obdurate heart
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
Against us, supplicating that Offence
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA.....No. I.

VARIETY.

VARIETY is a spice, which gives the principal flavour and zest to almost every scene and situation of life. The drawling monotony of a dull preacher, or the ceaseless bawl and rant of a bad player, is scarcely more insipid, and disgusting, than the continual repetition of the same objects, the same scenes, and the same unvarying occupation. Were not the pursuits of life enlivened by variety, the mind would sink into languor, listlessness and indolence ; and like the stagnant pool, would send forth nothing, save the fogs of spleen and discontent. Hence it is that we rather prefer the scenery of nature, wild, native and romantick, than when she is decked in all the beauty and elegance of art. Hence

it is that many readers are more often pleased with short and entertaining extracts, and detached sentiments and observations, than with more lengthy and elaborate productions. They are like well executed paintings, the eye glances with pleasure and satisfaction from picture to picture, which though separate and different, yet serve their purpose, to gratify and delight by variety. And happy shall we be if in the new walk we have chosen, we should be able in any degree to give pleasure and entertainment to our generous patrons.

PARIS.

THE following curious, humorous, and it has been said, just description of Paris, forms a part of a letter written by an "English traveller" at Paris, and addressed to the Countess of Bristol, 1780.

Madam,

What is Paris? There never was a man who could answer that question. Had I the hundred mouths, the hundred tongues, and the iron voice, mentioned by your favourite poets, Homer and Virgil, I could not reckon the half of its virtues, of its vices, or of its absurdities. What is Paris? It is an assemblage of contradictions, a tissue of horrours and delights, both rendered more striking by their proximity. It is a country full of giddiness, and profoundness, of great simplicity and extravagant pretensions. The con-

trasts would be endless. Here a veteran grown grey in the service, and bearing in his bosom the proof of his bravery, walking in a publick garden in woollen stockings, by the side of an opera girl sparkling with diamonds. There a dancing master in a brilliant chariot, laughing at an author, whom he has just splashed. Here an old Massalina, purchasing the caresses of some male prostitute. And there a foreign prince exulting in the chains of a theatrical princess. What is Paris? It is a vast, ugly, and shapeless city, full of wonders; it is the Athens of Europe; it is the epitome of the universe. It is, Madam, in a word, a country where there is little genius, much wit, much taste, and an infinite number of pretty women, but where there is not a shape so perfect as your Ladyship's.

BURKE.

THE spendid eloquence of Mr. Burke, has often been the theme of praise, and his great merit as a writer and orator not only eulogized by his friends but his enemies. Mr. Hall in his "Apology for the freedom of the the press," although his political adversary, yet disdaining to detract from merit through the malevolence of party motive, with the pencil of truth sketches his character in the following animated manner.

"He is a writer of the most splendid and unequal powers; the fascination and magick of his eloquence cannot be withstood. His

imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of creation, and every walk of art. His images are so select, so rich with colours dipt in heaven, that whoever can read his works without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility."

GOLDSMITH.

To decry ancient literature, as some have done, is a vain and ridiculous attempt. Those mighty and lasting works of genius are the founts from which have flowed many, if not most, of those beauties and excellencies, which now adorn English literature. And indeed though many moderns by the energies of native genius have produced works which claim our admiration and applause; yet that genius was enlightened by the rays of ancient literature, and spurred forward to the pursuit of fame by the great examples of Greece and Rome. The obligations we owe them may be seen in many pages of our most original writers. As a strong proof of the foregoing observations, we cite Dr. Goldsmith. No one is a greater admirer of his writings than I am. Yet I must confess the following example seems to me to come nearer to a free translation, than an allowable imitation.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and *mid-way leaves the storm*;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

——————— *ut altus* Olympi
Vertex, qui spatio *ventos hiemesque relinquit*,
Perpetuum nulla temeratus nube serenum,
Celsior exsurgit *pluviis*, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat.
Sic patiens animus per tanta negotia liber
Emergit, similisque sui; justique tenorem
Flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.
Claudian.

"A passage exquisitely moral and sublime."

Stat *sublimis apex*, *ventosque imbresque serenus*
Despicit. Statius' Theb.

THE following lines from the Æschylus of Mr. Potter is an admirable description of the transitory nature of our joys and pleasures, against which the most wise and prudent are not always prepared, and which they are frequently unable to withstand—

For goodness, whose enclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft times but sorrily.

This is the state of man; in prosperous fortune,
A shadow passing light, throws to the ground
Joy's baseless fabrick; in adversity
Comes malice with a spunge moistened in gall,
And wipes each beauteous character away.

MODERN philanthropy has been excellently described under the figure of an allegori-

cal personage, who is so busily employed in searching for distant objects of distress, that she stumbles over a pilgrim that comes to solicit immediate assistance.

For the Polyanthos.

MOORE's POEMS.

Quicquid asperius dictum est, indictum esto.

"Moore *murmurs* half his verses through,
And when I read I *murmur* too."

The fascination of this man's poetry may have enchanted many, his glowing descriptions more, and both united may have made his faults undiscernable amid the beauty, richness, melody and brilliancy of a most musical versification. But his muse is the spirit of some Grecian Lais or Aspasia. He is a good artist in his way, but he is more pleased to imitate the naked graces of a Venus de Medicis, than the athletick and manly fibre of a Hercules.

I am neither a whining moralist nor a sobbing sectary, as his admirers say his accusers are; neither would I wish to have any work condemned, which possesses the spirit of genuine poetry. Yet, when a man like Moore, who possesses a glowing and fertile imagination, happy command of language, classical knowledge, and considerable literary

attainments, protrudes upon the world works from which the eye of modesty turns with disgust, we cannot conceal our displeasure. It is in vain to attempt to screen him, by citing the examples of Catullus, Horace, Shakespeare, Prior, or even Pope himself. They wrote to please a luxurious age or a bad taste, an age when the refinement of morality had not introduced that purity of thought and expression, which so eminently distinguish many of the most elegant of modern compositions. Who will pretend to doubt, that many of the poems of Horace and Catullus are worthier of a brothel than the library of a student. The indecency of Shakespeare is notorious. Prior indeed wrote with ease, and prettiness, and harmony; but it was to please the taste of the age. As to Pope he seldom committed himself, except when he either translated Ovid or imitated Chaucer. What difference is there whether vice be decked in all the gorgeous apparel imagination can bestow, or dressed in her own native deformity? There is no difference except in the mere outward decoration; the substance remains the same, and the man of purity will be as much disgusted with the one as the other.—And thus it is with Moore. Strip his pieces of their gaudy covering, and what have you left?—absolute indecency.

That Moore has poetical talents no one will pretend to deny, but by their application he has debased them. The flashings of his

genius have misled him, and he is rather pleased with the charms of a luxurious fancy, than with the chaste elegance of a pure taste. His poems certainly possess harmony, a smooth flow of generally apt and well chosen words, and are enriched with many beautiful figures. He has also in one or two instances risen even to sublimity. But he is too much enamoured of points, conceits, and epigrammatical expressions. Many of his pieces are a mere chaos of words; you grope in vain for sense and meaning, and though his melodious jingling pleases the ear, the mind is left unsatisfied and unfilled. His compositions are likewise marked by excessive refinement, and an affectation of simplicity, which too often descends to insipidity. As to his descriptive pieces they bear no mark of being the real pictures of nature. Nature is simple though sometimes exceedingly beautiful, but possesses none of those glowing colours, those fairy like scenes attributed to her by Mr. Moore. As to his satire, it may for aught I know be in some measure just. But for a man to pass with such hasty strides through this country as he did, and yet to pour out so much ridicule and abuse, is not the mark of a gentleman or man of candour, but of a mind contracted, pragmatical, and censorious. In the productions dedicated to friendship he is glowing, ardent, and apparently sincere; but as to his descriptions of love, he appears to have little nature, and

still less purity;—for it is mere libertinism, dressed in all the luscious luxury of a warm imagination.

In fine, we declare that the man, who can coolly and deliberately say, that such productions deserve the applause and commendation of the publick, ought rather to have lived in the vicious and debauched age of a Nero, than in an age, and under a religion which commands not only purity of action but purity of thought. ***

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 5.

The fame acquired by Mr. James Graham gives interest and success to every thing which bears his name. Among modern contenders for poetical renown he hath riseu superiour; and his "Sabbath" will doubtless long preserve his name from oblivion, if not give it the stamp of immortality. His last publication, "The Birds of Scotland," has detracted in no degree from his merit, and although not so regular and original as the Sabbath, yet possesses real excellence and poetical beauty, and will give him a respectable rank among modern descriptive poets. The subject is indeed a curious one, and sometimes leads him into repetition and sameness; for the economy of birds, building nests, tend-

ing and rearing their young, and the plundering of the ruthless schoolboy, cannot, although in his hands, admit much variety. Yet he hath interwoven many charming descriptions and episodes, at once elegant, interesting and pathetick.

As our design in these numbers is not to enter into a critical analysis of the whole or any part of the work, but to select its beauties, the reader must not be offended with us if he too often hear the cry of *pulchre, bene, recte ;* for we shall endeavour to make ample recompense by the beauty and diversity of our extracts.

The poem opens in the following manner.

The woodland song, the various vocal quires,
That harmonize fair Scotia's streamy vales ;
Their habitations, and their little joys ;
The winged dwellers on the leas and moors,
And mountain cliffs ; the woods, the streams themselves,
The sweetly rural, and the savage scene,
Haunts of the plumy tribe,—be these my *theme !*

The following description of the robbing of the bird's nest ; the comparison of their woes with that of man ; and the story which follows, founded upon that dreadful custom of pressing men into the service ; we think beautifully interesting, and pathetick.

After describing the nest of the Lark, and "the labour of the parent pair" in sustaining their young, it is thus described :—

Ah, little think
The harmless family of love, how near
The robber treads! he stoops, and parts the grass,
And looks with eager eye upon his prey.
Quick round and round the parents fluttering wheel,
Now high, now low, and utter shrill the plaint
Of deep distress.—But soon forgot *their* woe!
Not so with *man*; year after year *he* mourns,
Year after year the mother weeps her son,
Torn from her struggling arms by ruffian grasp,
By robbery legalized.

Low in a glen—
almost beyond the roar
Of storm bulged breakers, foaming o'er the rocks
With furious dash, a lowly dwelling lurked,
Surrounded by a circlet of the stream—
Here dwelt a pair,
Poor, humble, and content; one son alone,
Their William, happy lived at home to bless
Their downward years; he, simple youth,
With boyish fondness, fancied he would love
A seaman's life, and with the fishers sailed,
To try their ways, far 'mong the western isles.
These dreary shores
Gladly he left; he had a homeward heart;
No more his wishes wander to the waves.
But still he loves to cast a backward look,
And tell of all he saw, of all he learned.—
And he would sing the rower's timing chaunt,
And chorus wild. Once on a summer eve,
When low the sun behind the highland hills
Was almost set, he sung the song, to cheer
The aged folks. Upon the inverted quern
The father sat; the mother's spindle hung
Forgot, and backward twirled the half spun thread;

Listening with partial well pleased look, she gaz'd
Upon her son, and inly blessed the Lord,
That he was safe returned. Sudden a noise
Bursts rushing through the trees; a glance of steel
Dazzles the eye, and fierce the savage band
Glare all around, then single out their prey.
In vain the mother clasps the darling boy,
In vain the sire offers their little all.
William is bound; they follow to the shore,
Implore, and weep, and pray; knee deep they stand,
And view in mute despair the boat recede.

Some of his descriptions are remarkable for nature and simplicity.

Before the new moon waxes to the full,
The assiduous *dam, eight spotted spheroids sees,
And feels beneath her heart;
Nor long she sits, till with redoubled joy,
Around her she beholds an active brood
Run to and fro, or through her covering wings
Their downy heads look out; and much she loves
To pluck the heather crops, not for herself,
But for their little bills.

The beauty and excellence of the following plainly speak the author of the Sabbath.—Speaking of the Plover who, her—

airy scream
Circling repeats, then to a distance flies,
And, querulous, still returns, importunate;

he thus addresses her,

* *The Gorcock.*

Oft hast thou hung,
Like a death flag above the assembled throng,
Whose lips hymned praise, their right hands at their hilts.
Bird of woe!
Even to the tomb thy victims by thy wing,
Were haunted; o'er the bier thy direful cry
Was heard, while murderous men rushed on,
Prophaned the sacred presence of the dead,
And filled the grave with blood. At last, nor friend,
Nor father, brother, comrade, dares to join
The train, that frequent winds adown the heights.
By feeble female hands the bier is borne,
While on some neighbouring cairn the aged sire
Stands bent, his gray locks waving in the blast.
But who is she that lingers by the sod,
When all are gone? 'Tis one who was beloved
By him who lies below. Ill omened bird!
She never will forget, never forget
Thy dismal soughing wing, and doleful cry.

☞

The Vanity and Ambition of the Human Mind exemplified, in the Life of some Insects; the extent of whose Age is only a single Day.

CICERO, in his first book of his Tusculan questions, shews ingeniously the falsity of the judgments we form, concerning the duration of *human life*, compared with *eternity*. To give the more force to his reasoning, he quotes a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, concerning a kind of insects that are common upon the banks of the Hypani-

as, a river of Scythia; who never live beyond the day on which they are born. "He that dies at eight in the morning, dies in his youth—he that dies at five in the evening, dies in decrepid old age. Who amongst us does not laugh to see the happiness or misery of this moment of existence brought into consideration? The shortest and longest life among us, if we compare it with eternity, or only with the duration of mountains, stars, trees, or even of some animals, is not less ridiculous."—*Montagne's Essays.*

To pursue the idea of this elegant writer, let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanias, was, according to his own notions, as ancient as time itself, that he had begun to exist at *break of day*, and by the extraordinary force of his constitution, had been able to support the fatigues of an active life, through the infinite number of seconds in ten or twelve hours; during such a long course of instants, by experience and reflection on all he had seen, he must have acquired very sublime wisdom. He looks upon his fellow creatures who died about noon, as happily delivered from the great number of inconveniences to which old age is subject. He has astonishing traditions to relate to his grand children, concerning facts which were prior to all the memorials of their nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who may have already lived a full hour, approach, with respect, this venerable sire, and hear his

instructive discourse with admiration ; every thing that he relates to them will appear a prodigy to that generation, whose life is so short. The space of a day will seem the entire duration of time, and day break, in their chronology, will be called the great æra of the creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this *Nestor* of the Hypanias, a little before his death, and about the hour of sunset, to assemble all his descendants, friends and acquaintances, to impart to them at dying, his last thoughts, and give them his last advice : they repair from all parts under the vast shelter of a mushroom, and the departing sage addresses himself to them in the following manner :

Friends and Countrymen,

I perceive the longest life must have an end ; the extent of mine is arrived, and I do not regret my fate, since my age was become a burthen to me, and to me there was no longer any thing new under the sun : the revolutions and calamities that have desolated my country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are all subject, the infirmities that afflict our race, the misfortunes that have happened to me in my own family, all that I have seen in the course of a long life, has but too well taught me this important truth; that no happiness which depends on us, can be secure or durable ; the uncertainty of life is great ; one whole generation perished

in a sharp wind, a multitude of our heedless youth were swept off into the waters by an unexpected fresh gale ; what a terrible deluge have I seen happen by a sudden shower.

Our most solid coverings are not proof against a storm of hail ; a dark cloud makes the most courageous heart to tremble. I lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a taller stature, a stronger constitution, and I may add of more profound wisdom, than any of those in the present generation ; I beseech you to give credit to my last words, when I assure you that the same sun, which now appears beyond the waters, and seems to be not far distant from the earth, I have formerly seen in the middle of heaven, darting down his rays directly upon us. The earth was much more enlightened in those past ages ; the air, much warmer, and your ancestors were more sober and more virtuous—though my senses are impaired, my memory is not ; and I can assure you that glorious being has motion. I saw his first rising on the summit of that mountain, and I begun my life about the same time that he begun his immense career—for a great many ages he advanced along the heavens with a prodigious heat, and a brightness of which you can have no idea—a brightness that would certainly have been to you insupportable ; but now by his decline, and a sensible diminution of his vigour, I foresee that all nature will soon be at an end, and that the

world will be buried in darkness in less than one hundred minutes.

Alas! my friends, how did I formerly flatter myself with the deceitful hope of living forever upon this earth; how magnificent were the cells which I had dug for my habitation; what confidence, did I not put in the firmness of my members, the spring of my joints, and the strength of my wings: but I have lived long enough for nature and for glory—none of those whom I leave behind me, will have the same satisfaction in this age of darkness and decay, which I see has already begun.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

GEORGE MOUNTAIN, died and was buried at Caywood, where he was born; having an inscription on his tomb, mentioning all his preferments, yet giving no light to what has been reported of him; for it is said, that his mother was a beggar woman, who travelled with her son George to Lincoln, seemed to follow her occupation in that city, and the adjacent towns and villages; but the lad carrying the bag, and at one time, eating more than his mother was willing to allow, he ran away from her, fearing a severe correction, when coming to a gentleman's house, he took compassion on him, and ordered him to attend in the kitchen; but perceiving his bright parts, he gave him an equal education with

his son, which put him in the road for ecclesiastical preferment. In process of time, he became bishop of Lincoln, and made enquiry for his mother, who happened to open a gate through which his lordship was to pass to that city, and having found her, he tenderly embraced her, and ordered that care should be taken of her, during life, after which he was made bishop of London, and then of Durham.

The archbishoprick of York being vacant, many were the candidates for it. The King being in suspense who to give it to, sent to *Mountain*, to clear the difficulty, who *modestly* observed, that "if his Majesty had faith, he might work miracles."

The King replied, "Miracles had ceased, and what had *faith* to do in this point?"

"To convince your Majesty to the contrary," said the bishop, "be only pleased to say to *this Mountain*," (pointing to himself,) "*be you removed into yonder see*, I am sure your Majesty will be forthwith obeyed." The King smiling, and taking the hint—"Why then, *Mountain*," said he, "I will remove thee;" and accordingly sent him down Lord Archbishop.

INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

A PRUSSIAN clergyman, applied to the late king of Prussia, for permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his

presence. His majesty thought it rather presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour; but nevertheless, granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on; that he should preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him. The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine discourse on it: but, Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit, with an intent to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the king had forgot to send him a text. His majesty came to the chapel soon after, and immediately sent him a letter which he opened and read; the contents were, "The enclosed is your text, you will preach immediately." He opened the small piece of paper that was enclosed, when to his great astonishment, he found it quite blank; he looked at the other side of it, it was blank there too; he held it out for the congregation to look at, and said, "Here is nothing;" and then turning it, said "There is nothing, and *of Nothing, God created Heaven and Earth.*" Then quoting a verse from the first chapter of Genesis, he preached a sermon on it extempore.

The king was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

SELECT SENTENCES.

A PROFESSION of Christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid inquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith than the Mahometans have for theirs.

A MAN should begin to write soon; for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice, to express his conceptions, will make the disproportion so great between what he sees and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all.

PLEASURE which cannot be obtained, but by unseasonable or unsuitable expence, must always end in pain; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expence of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

WE must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentick history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture.

THE great direction which Burton has left to melancholy men is, *Be not solitary; be not idle*, which I would thus modify. *If you are idle be not solitary; if you are solitary be not idle.*

THE MINSTREL.

[*The two elegant little poems which follow are from a selection of amatory pieces lately published, entitled* The Pleasures of Love.]

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

WEARIED with toying, Love had sunk to sleep
Upon a bank of moss, while o'er him sprung,
Spontaneous, a canopy of flowers;
Poppies of scarlet die, whose nodding heads
Upon his eyelids shed their drowsy balm.
And intertwined with these the paler rose,
Whose scented blossoms bathed in lucid dew
Wooed the soft breeze to loiter as it passed,
And borrow fragrant coolness. Near him lay
His bow and quiver, fraught with fatal shafts,
Winged with hope, but dipt in tears of woe.
While thus he slept, his lovely Psyche came,
So lightly treading that her snowy foot
Brushed not the dew-drop from the cowslip's bell.
Awhile she stood to gaze, her heavenly face
Beaming etherial love; then kneeling down
So gently that her amber-scented breath
Stirred not the gossamer, she culled a dart,
And on its point imprest a balmy kiss
Of love and sweetness redolent; then turned
The thrilling weapon on her sleeping spouse,
And innocently playful, lightly prest
The point upon his bosom. At the touch
The god awoke, and felt through all his veins
The pleasing poison coursing; but his love
When he beheld, he sank upon her breast,
His filmy pinions shivering with delight.

Translation from the Irish.

MILUACHRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY OISIN.

On her soft cheek of tender bloom
The rose its tint bestowed;
And in her richer lip's perfume,
The ripening berry glowed.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,
Or like the cygnet's breast,
With that majestick, graceful air,
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant die,
And in her tresses gleamed;
And like a freezing star her eye
With heaven's own splendour beamed.

ODE.

At fond sixteen, my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd in every vein—
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantick maid:
I stole her hand—it shrunk—but, no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye:
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun enamour'd wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah ! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon !

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his train a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood—though whirldwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ; yet knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye :
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet sick at heart, with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanc'd like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon peace rebuilt her nest ;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the morning of that day,
When Pœbus marries rosy May,
I sought once more the charming spot,
Where bloom'd the thorn by Hannah's cot.

O ! as I cross'd the neighbouring plain,
I liv'd my wooing days again ;
And fancy sketch'd my future life,
My home, my children, and my wife.

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes ;

The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listened in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet;—all was gay;
I love a rustick holiday!
I met a wedding—stept aside;
O, God!—my Hannah was the bride!

—There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal!
—My heart grew cold—it felt not *then!*
When shall it *cease to feel* again?

ODE TO THE SKY LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dies
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Waken'd by the merry note;
Through the fields of yellow corn,
That Mersey's winding banks adorn,
O'er green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away:
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight:
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With gladsome wing the blue sky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee restrain,
To pant for liberty in vain;

And see thee 'gainst thy prison gate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound ;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more.

None ! none ! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of nature can't enjoy ;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry lay ;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadow's morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.
Not such am I, sweet warbler ; no,
For should thy strains as sweetly flow,

As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,
As when thou soar'st with lover's pride,
And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
The yellow lawn, the meadow green,
The hawthorn bush besprent with dew,
The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

IMITATION

Of the First Ode of Anacreon.

THE story of king Arthur old,
And More, that dragon-slayer bold,
I strove to sing—in vain I strove—
My cat-gut squeak'd "How sweet is Love."
A thousand ways I turn'd the screw
And resin'd every string anew.

Again I try'd : " God prosper long—"
Broke in the middle was my song—
I found each faint idea flown
In " Joys of love are joys alone."
Adieu each big, each lofty air !
Come, " Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair !"
Adieu each tale so blythe and merry
Of John and the Priest of Canterbury !
My fiddle now alone can tell
" The charms of beauteous Florimel."

LINES ON DETRACTION.

Sweet to the scent's, the smiling briar,
Yet touch'd, it gives us pain ;
The streamlet we so much admire,
Is oft distain'd with rain.

The painting, that delights the eye,
To shade its beauty owes ;
On the same shrub, conjoin'd we 'spy,
The thorn and blushing rose.

No mortal ever yet was made,
From imperfection free ;
Angels, themselves, have some small shade,
Heaven wills it thus to be.

Mercy, to others' failings show,
As you would be forgiv'n ;
The best man's lot, alas ! were woe,
Were Mercy not in Heav'n.

THE DRAMA.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine eodem.
VIRG.

We regret that untoward occurrences prevent our giving this month any information from the Theatres New-York, Philadelphia, &c.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Oct. 29. *The Belle's Stratagem*, and *The Padlock*. Mrs. Stanley, from the Theatres Covent-Garden, Dublin, and Edinburgh, made her first appearance before an American audience this evening in *Letitia Hardy*. When she was announced as one who had sustained the first characters on the first stages in Europe, we confess our curiosity was raised to a high pitch. But conscious that anticipation is not always the harbinger of reality, we went to the theatre determined to form if possible a correct judgment, unbiassed by prepossession; to mark faults where faults existed; but to give real merit and excellence its due applause. We have not inclination, nor does justice demand, that we enter critically into her conduct during the whole play. It was the general opinion of the audience, and we believe it a just one, that her acting savoured too much of the *tragick*; that she indulged herself in rant, too

much for the purposes of the comedy or the necessity of her part. Her form is handsome, her gestures easy and graceful. Never has the Boston stage been trodden by an actress superiour to her in elegance of dress and dignity of manners. Her attention to pauses and accent, and her distinctness of utterance, made up for a disagreeable monotony in her voice, which was often perceivable. The scene where she attempted to impose herself upon her lover as an awkward hoyden, we think excellently well done, as was also the masquerade scene; which by the way would have been no worse, had some others paid more attention to the procedure of the play, and less to buffoonery.—Mr. Bernard possesses such a variety of talent he could not be otherwise than respectable in *Doricourt*; but his *Mungo* was much better, and gained more applause. Mrs. Powell, in Mrs. *Racket*, played with her usual discrimination and talent. Of the other parts much cannot be said. They were however tolerable, and gave satisfaction.

Oct. 31. *Pizarro* and *The Romp*.—*Rolla*, Mr. Caulfield; *Bizarro*, Mr. Usher; *Elvira*, Mrs. Stanley.

Nov. 3. *As you like it* and *The Poor Soldier*. *Jaques*, Mr. Caulfield; *Orlando*, Mr. Fox; *Touchstone*, Mr. Bernard; *Rosalind*, Mrs. Stanley.

Nov. 5. *Pizarro* and *The Wrangling Lovers*. *Elvira*, Mrs. Shaw.

Nov. 7. *Secrets worth knowing* and *Don Juan. Scaramouch*, Signor Cipriani.

Nov. 10. *Jane Shore* and *Sprigs of Laurel.* We had not an opportunity of seeing Mr. Caulfield in any of the characters above mentioned; and we know not whether our expectations had soared too high, or whether he laboured under bodily or mental indisposition; but this we know, his *Lord Hastings* was not what we looked for. The character might be novel to him; but surely he might have stored his memory with a little more of the language. The prompter's voice has not been more sonorous this season. Mr. Usher played *Dumont* with more than usual energy. In the scene with Hastings, though prejudice and prepossession leaned to the side of the latter, critical justice must acknowledge that Mr. U. fairly won the honours of the contest. Mrs. Powell performed in an excellent style; and in different scenes portrayed the passions of the haughty *Alicia* with discrimination and judgment. Her scenes with *Shore* were the best parts of her performance; or, perhaps, we might more truly say, that in those scenes comparison gave her superiority. Her parting with *Hastings* and the *mad scene* were specimens of excellence we have not often witnessed on our stage.—We do not hesitate to say, that in *manners* and *costume* we have never seen *Jane Shore* appear more fascinating than as represented by Mrs. Stanley. But, in this case, "we still have *conscience* here;" and of

course are not prepared to give our *unqualified* approbation to all parts of this lady's performance. She gave the lines—

"*But woman, sense and nature's easy fool,*" &c.

with remarkable pathos; and her attitude and expression of countenance when she heard *Gloucester* pronounce her sentence, were admirable. Except these we saw nothing wonderful in her personation of *Shore*. There is a general fault in her declamation—a habit of whining out her sentences in a monotonous drawl, which, to say the least, is very *tiresome* to the ear, and renders the most lofty language flat and insipid. We are well aware that Mrs. Stanley can cite the authority of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons for this *singsong* mode of reciting blank verse.—For

"When Kemble and Siddons are raving together,
"They both meet the sight like snow flakes in cold weather,
"And lay claim to praise in the very same tones,
"The same ahs, the same ohs, the same starts, the same groans!"

But it is no less an errour because adopted by them. It is a flagrant outrage against common sense. Who, in ordinary conversation, ever thinks of imitating the tones of a child in repeating after his nurse

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

The last scene of the play might literally be said to "make our eyes water"—

---------- "But, such merry tears,
The passion of loud laughter never shed."

Sprigs of Laurel has for several years been a favourite afterpiece with the publick; and it is but just to add, that its success is principally owing to the incomparable performance of Mr. Bernard in *Nipperkin*. He always sets gravity a grinning. It is not in this character alone however that Mr. B. is a favourite. Whenever he appears he is sure to diffuse good humour on all around. It is his

"To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
"And dry the tearful sluices of Despair."

Nov. 12. *The Clandestine Marriage* and *Paul and Virginia*. *Lord Ogleby*, Mr. Bernard; *Lovewell*, Mr. Fox; *Mrs. Heidleberg*, Mrs. Shaw; *Fanny*, Mrs. Poe.

Nov. 14. *The Wife of Two Husbands* and *Blue Beard*. Publick expectation was greatly excited by the annunciation of this drama, as *Fritz* was Mr. Caulfield's original London character. Having a favourable opinion of this gentleman's talents, and presuming that he would this evening exert himself to display them, we with reason anticipated a correct and finished performance. With pleasure we observe that our expectations were not too highly raised. Mr. C.

had a thorough conception of his character, and was not deficient in its personation. The impression he made during the last scene of the second act, and the first of the third act, will not easily be effaced. He was *Fritz* indeed, both in look and action. Mr. Usher in *Count Belfior* deserves commendation. Of Mr. Poe's *Maurice* justice compels us to speak the language of approbation. Considering the difficulties he had to cope with, the character was well supported. Mrs. Usher as *Theodore* charmed every eye, and *sometimes* touched the heart. But we were frequently unable to find one feature of *Theodore* in her personation. *Countess Belfior* had an able and interesting representative in Mrs. Powell.

Nov. 17. *Venice Preserved* and *The Maid of the Oaks*. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a numerous and respectable audience witnessed with satisfaction the performances of this evening. Mr. Caulfield increased his reputation as a chaste and energetick performer, by his happy personation of *Pierre*. His eagerness to exhibit every passion, to express every movement in the mind of *Pierre*, made his transitions from one passion to another rather hasty. The defects of the performance however were trivial, while its beauties were conspicuous and striking. *Jaffier* is a part in which Mr. Fox justly receives much applause. Of

Mr. Downie's *Rennault* we say *nothing*. Why this character was not supported this evening as formerly by Mr. Usher, we know not. 'Tis certain, that the attractions of the play were diminished in some degree by his absence. We would observe that neither private pique nor the pretended ceremonies of the green-room should ever mar the publick gratification in the *least* degree.

— What art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What infinite heart's ease dost thou neglect ?
Creating neither fear nor awe in others,
Yet still less happy, thinking thou art feared.

Mrs. Stanley in *Belvidera* convinced us, that she possesses powers which can never be palsied by indifference or neglect; talents which may always rivet attention and command applause. Her looks were admirable, her action suited to the word, her voice in general well modulated, and her conception adequate and complete. There was less than usual of that disagreeable whine, which frequently spoils the effect of her best performances. Her interview with *Jaffier* in the third act and the closing scene of the play were excellent.

Nov. 19. *John Bull* and *Harlequin in Boston.*

Nov. 21. *The Iron Chest* and *Lying Valet.*— An Author is generally partial to his own

productions ; and if any one of them meets with indifference, or neglect, it frequently tends to increase and strengthen the affection of the parent. This we believe to be the case with the *Iron Chest* of Mr. Colman ; for we are told that none of all his numerous plays has encountered so many rebuffs in securing publick approbation. In a copious preface to the printed edition, (which we read some years ago but have not at present by us) Mr. Colman attributed the *damnation* of his play to the unaccountable caprice of Mr. Kemble, both as actor and manager ; and, if our recollection is correct, he there speaks of it as being among the *best* of his performances. That he bestowed much time and attention upon the composition we have not a doubt. It unquestionably contains some deeply interesting scenes, many noble sentiments, and much harmonious and polished poetry, embellished with appropriate and sublime figures. The principal characters are well and strongly delineated. But notwithstanding all this, the *whole* play gives little pleasure to the spectator. We are not so fastidious as to cavil at the author for disregarding the unities of *time* and *place*. They are now generally disregarded, as fetters to genius. But "the unity of *action* is indispensable to the dramatick poet." Mr. Colman has however violated this rule most egregiously ; and to that in some measure we think might be ascribed the coolness with which this play was

received in London. What, in the name of wonder, has all the long scene in *Rawbold's* cottage, with the story of his wife's broken head, his daughter's reading sonnets with a young fellow in the forest, the shooting of a buck, smuggling brandy, &c. with which the play opens, to do with Sir Edward Mortimer's *Iron Chest?* Nothing. Neither has *Rawbold*, (who by the way does not afterwards appear in the piece) *Samson* or *Barbara*, the least agency in deepening or unravelling the plot. The loves of *Wilford* and *Barbara* are equally useless; and by the closest attention to the conduct of the play, we could perceive no possible reason for repeatedly introducing a gang of robbers. If it be to show what has become of *Wilford*, it is of no service, for the place of his retreat is afterwards discovered to *Sir Edward* by one of the robbers; and the audience are made to *hear*, first from *Orson*, and then from *Wilford* himself, the story of what they have before seen. Were all the superfluous characters abstracted from the piece, the representation would afford more pleasure; and there is much dialogue which could be better spared than any part of the last scene, which we apprehend the managers pruned with a liberal hand.

To the performers generally applause might justly be awarded. Mr. Caulfield's *Sir Edward*, in the two first acts, gratified our utmost wishes, and more than equalled our expectations. Messrs. Dykes and Fox filled

their respective parts to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Dickenson retained not the least particle of his former self; he was entirely lost in "merry old *Adam Winterton.*"

In the *Lying Valet* Mr. Bernard and Mrs. Shaw, as *Sharp* and *Kitty* kept the house in a roar of laughter. Though we are by no means partial to *all* the performances of Mrs. Shaw, we cannot refrain from observing in this place, that if an *apparent disposition* to please is meritorious, we know of no one who has larger claims to the approbation of the audience.

Nov. 24. *The Iron Chest* and *Fortune's Frolick.*

Nov. 26. *The Iron Chest, Lover's Jest* and *Village Lawyer.*

THE *Finger Post, or Five Miles off,* is in rehearsal, and will be brought out in a short time. This play is thus noticed by a London Reviewer.

Since our last, Mr. Dibdin, who literally writes *currente calamo,* has produced a merry little comedy called the *Finger Post, or Five Miles off,* which has filled the theatre for more than twenty nights, and has not yet finished half its course. It is one of his happiest efforts, and the laughing philosopher himself, could he have been present, would have been obliged to hold *both his sides* from the first scene to the last.

The characters are most of them old acquaintances, but they are placed in new situations, and sketched with so much spirit, that they have nearly all the merit, and more than the effect of perfect novelty. *Calendar*, a genuine disciple of Partridge and Moore, who speaks the language of the almanack, and studies the use of the globes, is the leading comick personage. Fawcett who performs it inimitably, makes every point tell, and in one scene the effect he produces is quite *electrical*. Among the other characters are a *quaker*; a *countryman*; and an *Irish carpenter*, who makes a finger post that turns round like a weather-cock. This blunder of Pat's occasions the principal business of the play, which is a *chapter of accidents* from beginning to end. Any attempt to detail the incidents would be idle, and as useless as vain. The parts will not bear to be detached, though the *tout ensemble* is excellent; like a *salmagundi*, of which the ingredients are insipid, till they are well mixed together.

Mrs. HAMILTON closed her Readings and Recitations at Concert Hall on the 25th.—They have been but thinly attended.

From the Theatrical Censor.

THE New Theatre opens on or about the first of December next. Mr. Mills, from the Theatre-Royal, Manchester, is the only new performer. We earnestly wish that it were

in our power to add the name of the accomplished Mrs. Whitlock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, to the list of the Philadelphia company.

Mr. FENNELL, yesterday evening, commenced a course of Readings and Recitations; the course consisting of twelve.—Subscription to the courses five dollars.

Mrs. HAMILTON is shortly expected to commence her Readings and Recitations.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

COOKE, during his engagement last season at Glasgow (being closely looked after by the manager) was remarkable for his sobriety. One evening, being in company with a few friends at a tavern, Cooke asked the waiter for some brandy, and, accordingly, a small quantity was brought in a wine glass: when he observed it, he was at first about to abuse the waiter, but suddenly turning to the company he said: "Here, gentlemen, you see I have given *up drinking* in a *great measure.*"

IT has been said that Miss Mellon, in consequence of the prize she drew in the lottery, means to withdraw from the stage, but we have reason to believe that she has no such intention at present. It would be but an ungrateful return, for her good fortune, thus to give the publick a *blank.*

A new comedy is expected from Morton, and another from George Colman the younger. [*Theat. Censor.*]

EDITOR's NOTES.

THE present number of the Polyanthos completes one year from its first publication. It would be ungrateful in the editor not to acknowledge the obligations he is under to a numerous list of subscribers. As increasing patronage demands increasing exertions, he assures them he shall make every effort in his power to render it still more worthy of their patronage.

IF among our Patrons there should chance to be any Notionals, *(and many such we think there are) they may reasonably anticipate much gratification from the "Lucubrations" of their kinsman* Nehemiah. *"Analecta," too, we hope will be acceptable to all. We have assurances these writers will not, as* some *others have done, "juggle" with us, and*

—Keep the word of promise to our ear,
But break it to our Hope.

A LETTER has been received from Portland signed "Many Subscribers," complaining that the Polyanthos is not regularly received. *We assure* all *the subscribers that it is regularly* sent *to a Bookseller in that town. If the conveyance* by mail *is more agreeable, those who send their names to the Editor, may depend on receiving it the day after it is published.*

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